

HERALD WANT ADS WILL
GET YOU WHAT YOU WANT
OR SELL OR EXCHANGE FOR
YOU WHAT YOU DON'T WANT

Greencastle Herald.

WEATHER FORECAST

Fair tonight, probably becoming
unsettled and cooler Wednesday

VOL. 2. NO. 68.

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA, TUESDAY, JUNE 18, 1907.

PRICE ONE CENT.

MONEY IN HIS HAT BAND

**CHARLES A. YOUNG, ARRESTED
BY OFFICERS FOR INVESTIGATION
IN CONNECTION WITH
THE ROBBERY OF O. N. RENFRO,
TOLD OFFICERS HE WAS
BROKE.**

SEARCH REVEALED \$25 IN BILLS

Charge of Theft is Placed Against
Him and He Pleads Not Guilty.
Bound Over to Trial in the Circuit Court.

When searched yesterday afternoon in Prosecutor Hughes' office by Officers Stone and Reeves, \$25 in bills were found in the hat band of Charles A. Young, although he had, during all the search, declared that he had only 50 cents.

Young was arrested late Monday

Bug Killers

FOR

Rose Bugs
Potato Beetles
Cabbage Worms
Bed Bugs
Flies and
Lice of all kinds.

Rat and Roach Destroyers and Ground Hog Death.

Jones' Drug Store

afternoon on the complaint of O. N. Renfro, a barber from Reelsville. The latter came to town yesterday and borrowed \$30. He went to the north side soon after he had secured the money and met Young. The men had several drinks together.

Renfro soon got sleepy and went to the rear of a saloon and sat down to take a nap. He was awakened, he says, by someone putting his pocket book back into his pocket. He looked up and saw Young, he says. Renfro did not miss his money at that time.

Soon after that Young left. He had not been gone long when the barber found that his money was gone. He immediately notified the police who went to the south end and arrested Young. The latter declared he did not have the money and that he had only 50 cents.

When taken to the office of Prosecutor Hughes he still insisted that he had no money. The officers then began to search him and had about given up finding anything when Officer Stone took off the man's hat and running his fingers around the inside band pulled out a roll of bills. He pitched them to the prosecutor. "Where did these come from," asked Mr. Hughes. "Oh! I put them in there yesterday," said Young. The prosecutor then asked how much he put in his hat. Twenty dollars was the amount given by Young. "But there is \$25 here said Mr. Hughes." Young could not explain this.

When taken before the mayor and charged with having robbed Renfro, Young pleaded not guilty. The mayor however, bound him over to trial in the Circuit Court. The prisoner lives in the south part of town and has been employed at Cole Bros.

The Herald will be on sale each evening at Langdon's Book Store and Badger & Green's Drug Store.

WRECK AT REELSVILLE

Mr. Jennings of Farmersburg Loses Control of Machine on Big Hill and Comes to Grief. No One Hurt

The Reelsville Hill scored one today and the victim was a big automobile belonging to Mr. Jennings of Farmersburg. Mr. Jennings with two ladies was turning this part of the state and attempted to negotiate the big hill at Reelsville, lost control of the machine and spilled both machine and passengers in as lively an accident as has been witnessed there in some time. The machine turned completely over, but in some miraculous way the passengers escaped with only a fright and a few bruises. The machine was righted and pulled off the road by horse power this afternoon.

HOSPITAL FUND AIDED

Fifty Dollars Added to the Sum Necessary for Success by Herald Woman's Edition Yesterday. Credit Due Mrs. Maze.

It was not through intent or plans carefully laid that the Hospital Edition of yesterday became metamorphosed into the hospital addition. It was without intent and due to a misplaced linotype slug. Nevertheless that misplaced slug builded better than it knew. It was a hospital addition—adding nearly fifty dollars to be exact forty-nine dollars and ten cents, to the permanent fund. The women who had charge of the paper are to be congratulated on their success. Especially is Mrs. Maze to be congratulated and thanked. It was her untiring zeal and energy that placed so many advertisements upon the pages of the paper and added so much to the financial success of the scheme.

Those who contributed the copy for the special features are also to be congratulated. Never has the hospital situation been so thoroughly canvassed, so adequately presented as in the articles in the Hospital Edition. All, however, was not expository. Poetry and fiction had their place and contributed much to the pleasure of those who bought and read the paper. The Herald stands ready again and at all times to contribute what it can to the Hospital Cause.

OBITUARY.

Sarah C. Coffman, daughter of William and Barbara Coffman, was born March 24, 1857, in Cloverdale township, Putnam County, Indiana. Grew to womanhood in that community. In the year 1882, Oct. 22, she was married to James M. West, with whom she lived until June 14, 1907, when death claimed her as its victim. She had been afflicted with lung trouble for about one year. Was the mother of 6 children, 3 sons and 3 daughters; 2 sons preceded her to the better land some years ago.

She leaves to mourn her departure husband, 4 children, an aged father, 2 brothers, 6 sisters, besides quite a number of relatives and friends.

In youth to know her was to love her. As a wife she was always ready to bear her share of the burdens of this life as well as its joys, as a mother, was all the word mother means, a neighbor kind and true. She united with Big Walnut Baptist church 21 years ago and has lived a consistent christian life ever since. Through her long days of suffering she never murmured or complained, but always said the Lord's will be done.

Funeral services at the residence by Rev. William Evans. Then she was taken to the Doe Creek cemetery in Cloverdale township near her old home. Short services at grave by the Rev. John Tabor.

By a Friend.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Allen Jr. drove to Rockville today, starting early this morning to avoid the heat. They will spend a day there returning with Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Connelly.

FIRST WARM WEATHER

It Brings Out the Shirtwaist Man and the "Is It Hot Enough For You" Friend.

It was warm this morning. Many supposed it to be hot, but this was because there has been no hot weather to compare with this morning's temperature. It was only about 87 degrees, but it seemed 97 to all those who were exposed to the sun. Horses panted and men shed their coats, and the fiend with the fool question got in his work and went about the streets asking if it was warm enough. Straw hats blossomed like the summer rose. The few farmers in town had a broad smile visible through the haze of perspiration. It is, they say, ideal weather for corn. "If we had a shower." But let us not forget that this is only warm, and that the hot weather is being carefully reserved for July and August.

INJURE INDIANA WHEAT

Green Bugs at Work on Wheat and Oats in South Putnam and Southern Counties.

Sample stocks of wheat and oats from a farm south of this city show the progress of the ravages being made by green bugs on these cereals.

The little pests are very thick in the fields. The stocks are covered with bugs, some of them of brownish color, some green. The brown colored bugs are young green bugs and develop their natural color as they grow older.

It is thought that the wheat is too far advanced to be damaged by the insects. The oats, however, are not so fortunate and will be almost a failure because of them.

The bugs are sapping the life from the oats stalks and blades and the blades are withered and blighted. In addition to bugs rust has attacked the oats. In some places rust has affected the topmost blade. So much damp, cold weather and very little sunshine is responsible for the rust.

South Putnam reports the green bugs in plenty and oats are especially subject to their attacks.

Fresh Every Day

Indiana Strawberries
Home-made
Potato Chips
Florida Pineapples
Home-Grown
Vegetables
Fancy Layer Cakes
Maccaroons
Lady Fingers

And many other articles suitable for a "hurry up" meal.

ZEIS & CO.

Phone 67

GROCERS and BAKERS

HOODOO A MASCOT

Well That Has Caused Much Trouble Finally Becomes Best Yet Found in the Territory.

The No. 2 well of the Vi-Clay Co. near Cory, which was regarded as the hoodoo of that company, and from which the company expected nothing, came in yesterday, and is really a gusher. In one hour after the oil sand was penetrated oil filled the hole to a depth of nine hundred feet and it is still growing. The company experienced every form of bad luck in the drilling of this well that could be conceived of. However, they are a happy bunch this morning. This company has four producing wells, and the other oil men are entertaining the idea that some of the stockholders, if not all of them, is carrying a rabbit's foot in his pocket. However, it is fact that the company has drilled all of these four producing wells on a forty acre tract of land, and that tract was the one on which the first well in the field was drilled. The fifth well of the company is also going down on this same tract. The stockholders are satisfied that the new well that came in yesterday will prove the biggest producer of any of them. That this company has been a success is evidenced by the fact that their stock, which was sold at \$10 a share, is now worth \$300 a share.—Brazil Times.

ASSUMES DEFINITE FORM

Interurban Station So Far Advanced That It Gives Some Idea of Its Final Form and Manner.

Work on the interurban station had advanced so far that the casual passerby can gain some idea of its final form. The walls are up, the roof structure practically in place and part of the roof sheathing on.

The structure bids fair to be one of considerable architectural merit, and will add much to the beauty of the interurban property. When the plans of the university are complete and the west campus graded and made presentable the station will be a pleasant place and almost a thing of beauty lying as it will practically at the side of a beautiful park.

JACK BRYSON'S GAS WELL N. G.

J. G. Bryson, of the Nickel-Plate company, states that the hole of this company on the Bell farm will not be put down to Trenton rock. The matter was laid before State Geologist Blatchley, who gave little encouragement to the company. He said that Trenton could not be found short of 2,800 feet, and the expense of drilling to that depth would be fully \$4,000. He cites the fact that the well put down on the Diel farm near Terre Haute some time ago penetrated Trenton rock at a depth of 2,900 feet and found a dry hole.

BRIDE-TO-BE KNOWN HERE

Senator Beveridge's fiancée a Relative of Dr. E. E. Edwards of Greencastle. Engagement Not Confirmed by Senator.

The reported engagement of Senator Beveridge to Miss Katharine Eddy of Chicago is of interest here because of the fact that both bride and groom-to-be are well known here. The Senator is not only a graduate of DePauw University, but has often returned to his alma mater to honor it and be honored by it. The young lady that rumor has made the fiancée of Senator Beveridge is a niece of Dr. E. E. Edwards of this city. Senator Beveridge refuses to either confirm or deny the rumor.

Female Help Wanted—At the New Belnap. tf37

WILL WED AT 2 O'CLOCK.

Marriage of Miss Madonna Allen and Ernest Stoner to be at the Home of the Bride's Parents Tomorrow Afternoon.

The marriage of Miss Madonna Allen and Ernest Stoner will be solemnized tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Allen.

The ceremony will be at 2 o'clock and Father McLaughlin will officiate. Only the immediate members of the family and a few friends will be present.

HIGH SCHOOL FOR FLOYD

L. C. Wilson, Trustee of Floyd Township Consults With Superintendent Thomas as to Desirable Building.

Floyd township is to have a High School in which the thirty-three graduates of that township's common school may continue their education. Mr. Wilson has an appropriation of \$4,500. It is his intention to construct a building that shall serve as high school and common school, and contain three or four more rooms. Mr. Wilson was in consultation with Superintendent Thomas who is more familiar with school house construction than any other man in the county, and though no decision has been reached it is probable that a three room building will be built, the three rooms so arranged that they can all be thrown into one at commencement time, or when large audiences are in the building.

Asks Value of Real Estate.

Mr. McCarthy, member of the State Assessment Board, met with the County Board of Review this afternoon. His purpose is to get the idea of this board as to the value of the real estate in the county, taking it by townships. With the state board a township is either bad, fair, good or very good, and is rated and assessed accordingly. Mr. McCarthy was attempting to get at first hand some idea of the rating of the townships of Putnam county.

Telephone your news items to the Herald.

WILL BE A GLOVE CONTEST

Soft Mitten Contest Takes the Place of the Florid Affair at First Planned for Brazil. Governor Hanly, too, Mixed up in the Affair.

PROSECUTOR J. P. HUGHES WINS

When warned by James P. Hughes Prosecuting Attorney for the district, that the proposed prize fight would not be tolerated, the management changed its plans and are now billing a mild thing as will be seen from the following from the Daily Times:

"Manager Harry Johnson of the Brazil Coliseum said yesterday the boxing exhibition scheduled to be pulled off there tomorrow night is a go, in spite of the report that orders have been issued against it. It was stated that Governor Hanly telephoned to Brazil to find out if it was a prize fight or a boxing contest that they were preparing to stage. When advised that the bout is to be only an exhibition, as are being pulled off in Indianapolis weekly, he put the matter entirely in the hands of Sheriff Prince of Clay County, and the latter will attend the match with his deputies to see that the exhibition is kept within the bounds of the law."

"Brazil people, as a whole, it is said, are in favor of any kind of clean sport that furnishes amusement for the men of the town. The protest, it is said, was made by men who understood it was intended to put on a prize fight instead of a boxing contest. In a prize fight the contestants struggle for a knockout, while in a boxing match the men merely spar for points. The men are paid by the management to give an exhibition. They will wear eight-ounce gloves, which makes it impossible to knock out or injure an opponent, and an exhibition is all that can be made out of it."

Earlier it was stated the men were to divide the money on a 40 and 60 basis for winner and loser.

Voorhees in "A Ghost in the Theatre." Evans Bros. Hall, Tonight.

TO-NIGHT AT OPERA HOUSE

The Cameragraph Moving Pictures and Stereopticon Views

THE ZON-O-PHONE will sing, "Love Me and the World is Mine," with orchestra accompaniments.

To-morrow Night new Pictures and Views.

5c Admission to Everyone, 5c

\$6.00 to \$8.00
Some at \$5.00



Comfort

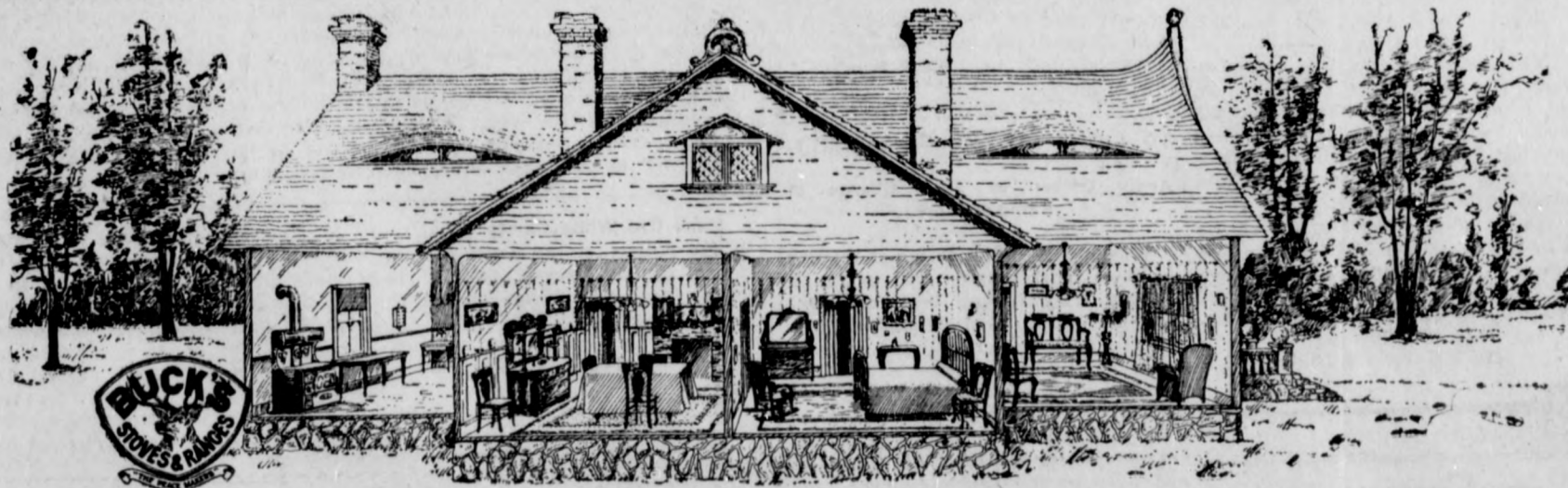
The lines of The Stetson Shoe are refined and graceful in design and do not deviate from the natural curves of comfort.

is not only free from strains and pulls from within, but withstands the wear and tear from without, because it is made from the highest quality of materials obtainable and constructed with the utmost perfection of detail. The merest glance shows it to be The Better Shoe—close inspection brings out the reasons for its superiority.

Full lines—all styles—all lasts.

For Sale by

SIMPSON HIRT



Home! == The Girl's Dream The Young Man's Ambition

It was a long way off—a vague, uncertain thing at the end of years of saving—until some far-seeing brain devised the plan of selling on partial payments. Now a good home is within the reach of all. Be sure to see our large and well-selected stock and get our liberal terms.

E. B. LYNCH
HOUSE FURNISHER AND FUNERAL DIRECTOR

TELEPHONE 89 and 108
12-14 NORTH JACKSON ST.

Your Carpet Trade

Is of utmost importance to us. We want it. We've bought this big stock in hope of getting it. Our people know the carpet business from beginning to end. We'll figure with you, measure your rooms, make estimates; if in every way satisfactory, you will buy; if not, then no sale. This big department ought to be of service to you.

All waiting your selection and approval.
Prices as usual—right.

Vermilion's

Standardizing Education.

Administrative officers of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching and of the General Education Board are entrusted with the handling of enormous funds, the interest on which is to be applied, in the one case to pensioning college professors, and in the other to helping needy colleges. The task of the officers of both these institutions has been, and is, complicated by varying educational standards and the lack of an established criterion. One of the earliest works of both institutions, therefore, is likely to be a sort of standardizing of education in America. The question, "What is a college?" would be answered to-day in different ways by different men. There is a vast difference between the institutions that bear the name, in the requirements for admission and in the courses of study which must be taken to entitle the student to a degree. Something, indeed, toward the establishment of a college educational standard was accomplished about 25 years ago, when the requirements for admission were made the subject of much discussion, and finally of substantial agreement among a number of college faculties, says Youth's Companion. Modifications have been made since then in the requirements, and there have been additions and deductions, but a general agreement still exists. What is needed now is a test which goes deeper and reaches farther—which will take account of the purposes and ideals of colleges, and measure both the attainments of the professors and the success with which they do their work. If either the Carnegie Foundation or the General Education Board, or both together, can do this, they will thereby benefit the cause of education almost as much as by their gifts of money.

To Grow Their Own Ties.

Allusion has been made to the steps taken in some directions to counteract the effects of deforestation which has been going on so recklessly in this country. One result of indiscriminate tree destruction has been to curtail seriously the supply of railroad ties. As no satisfactory substitute for wooden ties has been found, the situation has become such as to give the railroad companies great concern. Several months ago it was intimated that the Pennsylvania railroad might undertake the experiment of producing its own ties, or at least a considerable proportion of them. It is now stated that the company is actually to inaugurate such a policy. Agents are at work, and they will set out 2,250,000 trees on land in Pennsylvania conveniently located for the purpose. The company uses 5,000,000 ties annually, which means great consumption of timber and a heavy outlay, and the outlay becomes larger as prices increase owing to scarcity. The idea is to care for the trees in accordance with the most advanced ideas of forestry. It may be possible, says Troy Times, that the company will thus solve an economic problem of its own, and also set the country an effective example of what can be done by wise care of trees with a view to the conservation of important natural resources.

Big Warship Building.

The announcement that Great Britain is to build two more battleships of the famous Dreadnought class is coupled with the statement that no less than four such vessels have been contracted for at British navy yards, ostensibly in the name of certain foreign governments but really, it is believed, as a speculative measure, the projectors entertaining the notion that it will be easy at any time to dispose of such ships at a big profit. But this may be a speculation that will fail. The number of governments that are likely to invest in such costly playthings is small, though it is conceivable that emergencies might arise which would make it very desirable to have such means of defense. But the grimmer suggestion, says Troy Times, in connection with all this is that Great Britain really intends to retain all these big fighters herself, as a safeguard against attack, and with something in the nature of a squint toward Germany. Not much in the way of disarmament in that. But it is making big armaments very costly, and perhaps the time is nearer at hand than many think when it will be found that it does not pay to fight.

Gen. John M. Wilson, formerly chief of the Engineer Corps of the Army and now president of the Washington board of trade, has been personally acquainted with 14 presidents. He was born and brought up in Washington, and his personal acquaintance with chief magistrates of the nation began with Zachary Taylor in 1849. He was a page in the senate in the days of Webster, Clay, Calhoun and Benton. Gen. Wilson is still active and thoroughly in love with life, though 70 years old.

The Kaiser is always on the side of discipline. A Russian tenor in the Monte Carlo company which sung for charity lately in Berlin was not satisfied with the tempo of the conductor and beat time with his foot to indicate the change he desired. The emperor expressed his disapproval of this insubordination to the prince of Monaco, and the luckless tenor was dismissed.

Will there be a cabinet crisis in Spain every time the royal baby cuts a tooth?

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

"That was originally a trench for natural gas pipes. There was once a large pumping station on the site of this house, with a big trunk main running off across country to supply the towns west of here. The gas was exhausted, and the pipes were taken up before I began to build. I should never have thought of that tunnel in the world if the trench hadn't suggested it. I merely deepened and widened it a little and plastered it with cheap cement as far as the chapel; and that little room there where I put Pickering's notes had once been the cellar of a house built for the superintendent of the gas plant. I never had any idea that I should use that passage as a means of getting into my own house, but Marian met me at the station, told me that there was trouble here, and came with me through the chapel into the cellar, and through the hidden stairway that winds around the chimney from that room where we keep the candlesticks."

"But who was the ghost?" I demanded, "if you were really alive and in Egypt?"

Bates laughed now. "Oh, I was the ghost! I went through there occasionally to stimulate your curiosity about the house. And you nearly caught me once!"

"One thing more, if we're not wearing you out—I'd like to know whether Sister Theresa owes you any money."

My grandfather turned upon Pickering with blazing eyes.

"You scoundrel, you infernal scoundrel, Sister Theresa never borrowed a cent of me in her life! And you have made war on that woman—"

His rage choked him.

He told Bates to close the door of the steel chest, and then turned to me.

"Where are those notes of Pickering's?" he demanded; and I brought the packet.

"Gentlemen, Mr. Pickering has gone to ugly lengths in this affair. How many murders have you gentlemen committed?"

"We were about to begin actual killing when you arrived," replied Larry, grinning.

"The sheriff got all his men off the premises more or less alive, sir," said Bates.

"That is good. It was all a great mistake, a very great mistake; I had no idea such things could happen,"—and my grandfather turned to Pickering.

"Pickering, what a contemptible scoundrel you are! I lent you that \$300,000 to buy securities to give you better standing in your railroad enterprises, and the last time I saw you, you got me to release the collateral so you could raise money to buy more shares. Then, after I died"—he chuckled—"you thought you'd find and destroy the notes and that would end the transaction; and if you had been smart enough to find them you might have had them and welcome. But as it is, they go to Jack. If he shows any mercy on you in collecting them he's not the boy I think he is."

Pickering rose, seized his hat and backed away toward the shattered library door. He paused for a moment, his face livid with rage.

"You old fool!" he screamed at my grandfather. "You old lunatic, I wish to God I had never seen you! No wonder you came back to life! You're a tricky old devil and too mean to die!"

He turned toward me with some similar complaint ready at his tongue's end; but Stoddard caught him by the shoulders and thrust him out upon the terrace.

A moment later we saw him cross the meadow and hurry toward St. Agatha's.

CHAPTER XXV.

Changes and Chances.

John Marshall Glenarm had probably never been so happy in his life as on that day of his amazing home-coming. He laughed at us and he laughed with us, and as he went about the house explaining his plans for its completion, he chaffed us all with his shrewd humor that had been the terror of my boyhood.

"Ah, if you had had the plans of course you would have been saved a lot of trouble; but that little sketch of the Door of Bewilderment was the only thing I left,—and you found it, Jack,—you really opened these good books of mine."

He sent us all away to remove the marks of battle, and we gave Bates a hand in cleaning up the wreckage,—Bates, the keeper of secrets, Bates, the inscrutable and mysterious, Bates, the real hero of the affair at Glenarm.

My grandfather led us through the narrow stairway by which he had entered, which had been built between false walls, and we played ghost for one another, to show just how the tread of human being around the chimney sounded. There was much to explain, and my grandfather's contrition for having placed me in so hazardous a predicament was so sincere, and his wish to make amends so evident, that my heart warmed to him. He made me describe in detail all the incidents of my stay at the house, listening with boyish delight to my adventures.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed over and over again. And as I brought my two friends into the story his pleasure knew no bounds, and he kept chuckling to himself, half a dozen times shaking hands with Larry and Stoddard, who were, he declared, his friends as well as mine.

The prisoner in the potato cellar received our due attention; and my grandfather's joy in the fact that an agent of the British government was held captive in Glenarm House was cheering to see. But the man's detention was a grave matter, as we all realized, and made imperative the immediate consideration of Larry's future.

"No, but you can't hold a British prisoner in an American private house forever. Too many people know he has been in this part of the country; and you may be sure that the fight here and the return of Mr. Glenarm will not fail of large advertisement. All I can ask of you, Mr. Glenarm, is that you detain the fellow a few hours after I leave, to give me a start."

After a late luncheon,—for which the amazing Bates produced champagne—the others left us—Stoddard to help Larry get his things together—and my grandfather and I talked for an hour.

"You will stay on here,—you will help me to finish the house?" the old gentleman asked with unmistakable eagerness of look and tone.

It seemed harsh and ungenerous to tell him that I wished to go; that the great world lay beyond the confines

"I must go—and go at once!" declared Larry.

"Mr. Donovan, I should feel honored to have you remain," said my grandfather. "I hope to hold Jack here, and I wish you would share the house with us."

"The sheriff and those fellows won't squeal very hard about their performances here," said Stoddard. "And they won't try to rescue the prisoner, even for a reward, from a house where the dead come back to life."

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After a late luncheon,—for which the amazing Bates produced champagne—the others left us—Stoddard to help Larry get his things together—and my grandfather and I talked for an hour.

"You will stay on here,—you will help me to finish the house?" the old gentleman asked with unmistakable eagerness of look and tone.

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but I can't. Don't misunderstand me. I have no intention of going back to my old ways. I squandered enough money in my wanderings, and I had my joy of that kind of thing. I shall find employment somewhere and go to work."

"But, Jack,—he bent toward me kindly,—"Jack, you mustn't be led away by any mere Quixotism into laying the foundation of your own fortune. What I have is yours, boy. What is in the box in the chimney is yours now—to-day."

"I wish you wouldn't! You were always too kind, and I deserve nothing, absolutely nothing."

"I'm not trying to pay you, Jack. I want to ease my own conscience, that's all."

"But money can do nothing for mine," I replied, trying to smile. "I've been a reckless spendthrift all my days, and now I'm going to work. If you were infirm and needed me, I should not hesitate, but the world will have its eyes on me now."

"Jack, that will of mine did you a great wrong; it put a mark upon you, and that's what hurts me; that's what I want to make amends for! Don't you see? Now don't punish me, boy. Come! Let us be friends!"

He rose and put out his hands. "I didn't mean that! I don't care about that! It was nothing more than I deserved. These months have changed me. Haven't you heard me say I was going to work?"

And I tried to laugh away further discussion of my future.

"It will be more cheerful here in the spring," he said, as though seeking an inducement for me to remain. "When the resort colony down here comes to life the lake is really gay."

I shook my head. The lake, that pretty cupful of water, the dip and glide of a maroon canoe, the remembrance of a red tam-o'-shanter merged

in a conglomerate mass as the boys jumped to their feet and started for the corral after their bronchos.

"I thought you'd like to be in on the sport," commented the sheriff, smilingly. "We'll be with you in a jiffy, Jim," shouted back the colonel, whose 60 years didn't deter him from joining a man hunt.

We were off at a gallop 15 minutes later. The advantage was all with us. There wasn't a man in the posse who couldn't find every hole in the prairie in a blizzard, and a little thing like a rainstorm and a starless night was trifling.

The bandits' horses were all in when we came up with them. They had sense enough to realize the game was up. One of them did get kind of obstreperous, and the sheriff cooled him down by chipping a chunk off his right ear.

We headed back to the ranch house. The sheriff had grabbed the sack of booty and only the formality of taking the coyotes to jail remained. It was the colonel who suggested it, and I think the sight of the poker paraphernalia gave him the inspiration. Even the sheriff caught the fever and consented, and the captives jumped at the unexpected chance. The bandit with the punctured ear was urged by his partner to play the hand with life or death for both as the stake. The boys picked me out to oppose him.

It was to be the best two of three, and the colonel dealt the cards. I caught a pat flush on the first, and forced Mr. Robber to lay down his hand. His color didn't change a mite, nor did his pal seem unduly nervous. They were certainly a game pair, even if they did surrender.

In the second deal I was beaten on the draw, and I began to get nervous, though I wouldn't have hesitated to help string up the duo. It's pesky business playing a man for his life when your own is in danger. I could feel the cold sweat on my forehead as the cards were tossed to me for the third and last deal.

The boys leaned over us in breathless interest. Even the deputy holding the other robber crept up close, as did the prisoner. The man in front of me was the coolest in the crowd. I caught two aces in the deal, and I began to pity my opponent. On the draw I got a third ace, but I couldn't tell from the robber's impassive face whether he held deuces or the best there was in the deck.

"Lay down!" shouted the sheriff. "It's your last chance. His command was directed to the bandit. Slowly, deliberately, he placed the cards in a row on the floor. He held four kings.

"You win!" I shouted, exultantly, throwing down my three aces.

"Good morning, gentlemen. It was real kind of you," said the robber gent with a sweeping bow. Touching his dazed partner on the arm, he preceded him from the house.

It was a sheepish-looking crowd that stood in a circle for half a minute. We came to as the sound of galloping horses reached our ears. The sheriff started for the door, jerking his gun from his holster.

"Hold on, Jim," shouted the colonel. "You agreed to the game, and you lost. Don't try to stop them."

"How'll I explain this stuff?" demanded the sheriff, pointing to the sack of recovered valuables.

"Don't. Just lie. We're dumb." And he did.

A LIFE AT STAKE

It was a fine night to stick up a train!

As I unceremoniously threw open the door of the adobe shack, in which Col. B. and his "outfit" were engrossed in a game of draw, I was greeted with a string of epithets, the rain that blew in with me moistening the "dainty" toes of the cow punchers.

I was soon interested in my cards. Poker always did interest me, whether it was played on the green cloth of a flashily fitted gambling joint, or, as on that night on a bunch of sheepskins thrown indiscriminately on the floor, with the boys squatting in a circle, our spurred boots doubled up under us.

I was not destined to win a fortune, nor was anyone else on this particular occasion, for we were jerked away from dreams of filling a straight "open in the middle" by a splashing of horses' hoofs in the marshy ground without.

Just as rudely as I had entered the sheriff and three boys from the town pushed through the doors. They brought with them the news of two nifty galloos holding up the limited an hour before, cracking the express safe and stripping Pullman passengers of watches, bank rolls and other trinkets.

"And they headed this way," said the sheriff.

Cards, chips and money were left in a conglomerate mass as the boys jumped to their feet and started for the corral after their bronchos.

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TO HAVE GREATEST FLEET OF SUBMARINE FIGHTERS

Uncle Sam Will Build Eighteen New Boats at a Cost of \$3,000,000.

To the tiny submarine torpedo boats has been delegated a lion's share of the work of protecting Uncle Sam's great seacoast from attack.

Somewhat slow at first to adopt the newest and most radical of devices for combat on water, the United States has suddenly developed into an enthusiast, and no measure passed by the recent congress was more important than that which placed three millions aside for use in building of submarines.

Lewis Nixon, the well known naval constructor, who has figured very largely in the building of American under-water fighters, calls the submarine a steel fish, with human brains and incalculable power to inflict damage.

Navy officials were taught a lesson of appreciation by the purchase of American built submarines by both Japan and Russia in the recent war.

Here rests the value of the submarine. It is pre-eminently defensive in its purpose. The wonderful little fighters of the Lake and Holland type, now in Uncle Sam's navy, could not cross the Atlantic to levy war against England or France. The furthest distance the best of them can travel is 500 miles—250 coming and going. Under water they can only go about fifteen miles each way. This limits their sphere of action to the home coasts and ports.

The new fleet, to amount which \$3,000,000 is to be expended, will supplement the monitors and shore batteries that now would have to bear the brunt of defense against attack.

The United States now has one dozen submarines, and with the ones just authorized, will soon boast of a fleet of thirty, a respectable force that ought to make it possible to take ample care of the principal ports of the

er of the modern torpedo boat destroyer, a fighting engine born of the necessity of finding a means to circumvent the submarine.

There is no such thing as seeing ahead under the water. Thus far the best means of taking observations has been found to be in the use of the "periscope," a funnel-shaped arrangement, which projects eight feet above the water, when the body of the boat is submerged fifteen feet. By looking up into this the navigator sees surrounding objects much as the photographer locates scenes and people on the "finder" of his camera.

But the periscope will not avail when it comes to a final test, the launching of a torpedo boat at the bottom of the enemy's battleship. With the ship stationary, the periscope might give definite information, but with both the submarine and battleship under way, the movement would be too rapid to permit effective aim, without coming to the surface.

In all the models of submarine boats which Uncle Sam has under consideration the torpedo is so placed that at the moment of firing it is directly in line with the enemy's keel. Supposing it hits, if only a glancing blow, nothing can save the mighty craft. It is the story of David and Goliath all over again. The ship is just as helpless be-

PARCHMENT MAKING

THERE IS STILL A STEADY DEMAND FOR THE PRODUCT.

PROCESSES OF MANUFACTURE

A Large Part of the Supply Comes from the Quaint Town of Hitchin—For the Past Hundred Years.

A skin of parchment is a beautiful product, that takes us back to the days when every book, written and illuminated by hand, was a work of art. Cheap paper and cheap printing, however, have not injured the parchment-making industry. There is still a steady demand for parchment, though very large skins are no longer in such request as was formerly the case. Even lawyers have learned conservation, and do not regard it as a point of honor to use the largest possible number of words to express the fewest possible ideas. Anyone who has ever visited the charming, old-fashioned town of Hitchin, with its half-timbered, gabled houses, its quaint market-place, its irregular, tree-shaded main street, must feel that it is quite right and natural that the parchment-making industry should find a home there. For considerably more than a century the legal world has been largely supplied with parchment from Hitchin, and at the works of the old-fashioned firm of Messrs. H. W. Russell, it is possible to watch the whole process of transforming a sheepskin into a parchment, from beginning to end.

Not that every sheepskin, or nearly every sheepskin that comes into the factory will make parchment; a large number will be rejected as unsatisfactory, and will be reduced to forming plebeian chamois leather instead of aristocratic parchment. The sheepskin, on its first arrival, is soaked and cleaned, and then stripped of its wool; it thereby ceases to be a skin, and becomes a pelt. The pelts are passed through various preparations of lime, and are scraped clean of fat. Then they are laid out perfectly smooth, and freed of all creases and wrinkles before they pass to the wonderful machine which splits them in two. Formerly, the process of separating the outer from the inner skin was done entirely by hand, and the outer skin, being cut away in pieces, was entirely useless. Now, the sharp knife of the machine divides the pelt in two with absolute accuracy, so that each skin comes away whole and unimpaired. The outer skin is used for making leather; the inner skin, which is considerably smaller, is passed on to the workman whose special duty it is to choose out those which are good enough to make parchment. A great many are rejected; some skins are too thin; some have flaws; some have been damaged by the carelessness of the slaughter man.

With the selection of the skins, parchment-making proper really begins. Each skin is stretched on a wooden frame, to which it is attached by pippins and strings, the pippins being formed of shavings from the parchment rolled up in little balls. Then it is "fleshed," or scraped, with a semi-circular knife, which removes every particle of fat. And the modern manufacturing principle of "no waste" holds good here also, for the scrapings of fat come in usefully in the manufacture of glue. But much still remains to be done. The parchment must be treated with various chemicals; and then it must be "shaved"—again with the semi-circular knife—to give it that smooth surface so desirable for writing. And after shaving it is sealed with boiling water and rubbed over with pumice, which clears away still further any possible roughness or inequalities that may still linger on the writing surface. Then it is dried for the last time. Even in the drying process, precaution is necessary. In certain states of the weather a skin of parchment is liable to split as it dries on the frame. Once dry, the manufacturing process is ended; the rough sheepskin has been transformed into a sheet of parchment with a surface so fine and silky that to write on it must be a delight. With the cutting of the skin from the frame the commercial process may be said to begin. The skins must be cut into different-sized sheets, according to the orders received, and must be packed for transport.—Daily Chronicle.

Paper Increases in Price.

(From Newspaperdom.)

The generally congested condition of the railroads throughout the country and the resultant shortage of cars will cause an advance of prices on manufactured products of the American Paper and Pulp association for 1907 and 1908. This was the decision of a meeting of the eastern and western members of the association held in Chicago.

The manufacturers believe that, as business is now active and prices of manufactured articles are firm, the price is likely to be advanced because of both the scarcity of raw material and the existing car shortage. The greatly increased cost of production in the last year was also given as a reason for advance.

The preservation of forests was discussed at length and a resolution was adopted and ordered sent to the department of agriculture asking that measures for protection of the lumber producing regions be rigidly enforced.

Czar's Daughter Has Millions.

Whatever may be the fate of Russia's reigning family when the revolutionists get through with that country, one member of it will be beyond the reach of want. She is the Grand Duchess Olga, eldest of the czar's daughters. Although still a child, she has \$10,000,000 in her own right, and by the time she attains her majority her fortune is likely to be twice as large. Moreover, her millions are invested abroad, where the terrorists can't get them, even if they establish the red republic.

THE PLACE TO ADVERTISE.

It is by All Means the Newspaper Column.

At brief intervals the reader of the current news sees the statement that some active merchant, manufacturer, manager of some kind of business that appeals actively to the general public has decided to cut off the billboard and the wall and window space from his ways of informing the public of his business facilities and depend in future on the newspaper columns.

There is nothing in such a fact that ought to surprise anybody. The only element of surprise is that among such an immense number of advertisers as modern business has developed, so comparatively few have made such study of the matter as to see facts that are so plain to those who do study the situation.

Perhaps one other element of surprise lies in the fact that now and then one of the newspapers themselves resorts to the flamboyant wall methods that so far as they have any effect at all militate directly against the newspapers' own work.

It ought to be plain to anyone who will take the trouble to think that the old-fashioned poster style of imparting information such as advertisers seek to impart to the public grows less and less effective in proportion as the public is to be appealed to grows more active, occupied in pushing general business, more and more of what is known as the "hustling" type.

The flamboyant style was a product of a day that preceded the railway and the morning and evening newspapers. The public of to-day—that part of it, at least, which has money to buy what it desires—is not of the rural kind that in the days of long ago gathered along the sidewalks and stared at the wonders of the circus bills. The few who do anything of that kind nowadays are not of the kind who buy.

The introduction into wall placarding of flaming colors and colossal type was a consequence of a more or less clear perception of the waning vogue of that kind of work among those who looked for information with any practical ends in view. If the eye of him who in this day hurries about the streets of American cities in the pursuit of his own vocation is caught by any bit of flamboyance on billboard or wall he does not stop to read it. If it has any effect at all it only prompts him to turn to his newspaper, where he knows he will learn what he wishes.

There is also a growing tendency in town and country alike to turn away from everything of this kind as offensive to both taste and intelligence, and it grows more and more plain that the practice is maintained only because it has been made a kind of business in itself, but a business that grows steadily distasteful in greater degree to all who have any intelligent appreciation of what the civilized eye should see in city street or rural roadway.

It is natural, therefore, that those who study the subject either as matter of business or matter of taste nearly always reach the conclusion, which we see more and more frequently proclaimed, that the effective way to reach the public who make business is through the columns where they daily look for the news of the world, into which the business of advertising naturally and sensibly gravitates.—Chicago Chronicle.

NEWSPAPERS PRAISED.

Congressman Moore, in Philadelphia, Says They Educate.

Congressman J. Hampton Moore was the guest of honor at the ninth annual ladies' banquet of the Publishers' club of Philadelphia on May 9 at the Hotel Majestic. The ball room of the hotel was well filled with the members of the club and their wives. The toastmaster and president of the occasion was Charles Sessler. After the banquet an entertainment was furnished by local talent.

Mr. Moore's speech was brief and was devoted entirely to the value of publicity. He said:

"Publicity is one of the crying demands of the day, and it may also be one of the crying evils. President Roosevelt doesn't think so, however, and as he makes the most of it, may be taken as an authority. There is one thing sure, it does not pay to keep things under cover. The moral tone of the community or country is uplifted by exposure. It is only by means of publicity that we are able to strike the higher level. The president has insisted upon the publication of facts to safeguard the people against the illegal methods of corrupt corporations and his advocacy has done much to wipe out some of the worst ills of the country."

At the conclusion of his address Mr. Moore praised the newspapers and magazines for the educational work they are doing.

The New Pass.

According to the terms and conditions of the pass, we are privileged to walk on the center path or on the ties outside the rails. We are further privileged to take with us not only our wife, but our devil, our deviline and the office cat also. Frequent stopovers are allowed and the amount of baggage permitted to be taken is limited only by our enduring qualities and our physical possibilities. During the first year of this arrangement the ties will be left as they are, but next year, let us hope, they will be plank or placed a little further apart, as they are too close together to accommodate the stride of the average pedestrian editor.—Bendena (Kan.) Telephone.

Servian censorship apparently spares nobody connected with a newspaper that offends the government. Within a few days four issues of the Otatsbina were confiscated at Belgrade. The editor was sentenced to a month's imprisonment, the printers were locked up on various charges and even the office boy was sent into exile. Despite these little annoyances the paper continued to appear regularly. One needs a buoyant spirit and firm convictions to be a publisher in Servia.

ROAD AND FARM IMPROVEMENT

CORN STALKS AS FERTILIZER.

Are of the Best If Turned Under to Decay.

Corn stalks are one of the best ready fertilizers available. They contain elements taken from the soil, so in returning them to the soil we are giving back a part, at least, of that which was taken from it. When corn stalks are burned on the ground, the greater part of their value is lost. The ash which remains is a valuable fertilizer, but if the whole stalks are returned to the soil, all of this ash is saved and also the other substances which, in their decay, liberate more soluble plant food.

A fertilizer to have high value should furnish available plant food, and also improve the physical condition of the soil. Good commercial fertilizers do the first, but not the second. Stable manure furnishes readily available plant food, and also has a high value for improving soil texture. The same is true of all organic matter applied to the soil if it be in a condition for ready decomposition.

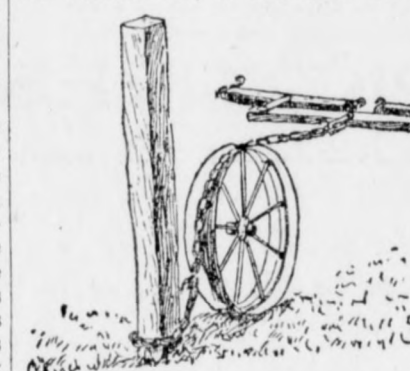
Corn stalks in contact with moist soil readily decay, hence, they become available as plant food. As an improver of soil texture, corn stalks have few equals. Being very large, when plowed under, they make the soil loose which allows free access of air. This effect is felt for two or three years, which is not so much the case with smaller plants turned under.

The highest good can be had from corn stalks by husking the corn as early as it will do in the fall, pasturing for a short time with cattle and hogs to save the waste ears and grain, then immediately dragging them down with a heavy drag or harrow, says Farm and Home. This brings them in contact with the moist winter and spring soil for partial decay, and prevents the washing of the soil to a large extent if the land be hilly. In this way, they are half decayed when plowed under, give little trouble for the season's cultivation, and furnish rich plant food for the summer's growing crop.

WHEEL FOR PULLING POSTS.

It Makes the Usually Hard Task Easy.

When I have removed the wire from a fence and wish to pull the posts I take an old corn planter wheel, attach a chain to the base of the post and pass it over the top of the wheel to the whiffletrees, as shown in the illustration.



Wheel for Pulling Posts.

Illustration, writes a correspondent of Prairie Farmer, I find that this makes a very convenient device and posts can be pulled without very much difficulty.

DECAYING VEGETABLE MATTER.

Get it Into the Soil If You Would Save the Ammonia.

In the decay of vegetable matter nitrogen in the form of ammonia is thrown off. This is the case whether the matter decaying is in the open air or buried in the mass of manure in the barn yard. The escape of the ammonia represents the departure of a fertilizing element that is of value to the farmer. All efforts should be made to prevent the escape of this gas. The only sure way of doing it, says Farmers' Review, is to get the manure or the decaying vegetable matter into the soil where it will be operated on by the forces there and the nitrogen combined with elements that will reduce it to a state in which it can be made a plant food. The weathering pile of horse manure is one of the waste places of the farm. From it a very large amount of the fertilizing element named. This is especially so in the spring, summer and fall. Many farmers allow the manure, and especially the horse manure, to accumulate throughout the summer for fall use. In the warm weather the decay of the vegetable matter goes on more rapidly than in the cold weather and the loss is consequently greater. In large stables this loss of volatile elements amounts to a large sum, if the nitrogen be valued at commercial rates.

Summer or Winter Dairying.

Some men prefer to have their cows come in fresh in the spring, so they can do most of their dairying in the summer. A few prefer to have all their cows come in fresh in the fall, so they can follow winter dairying. The best dairying is perhaps that in which half of the cows are fresh in the spring and half in the fall. In that case the work of the dairy can move along uniformly throughout the entire year. This makes it easy to provide the hired help, more so than when men have to be hired for only part of a season.

Government Aid in Road Making.

Government aid in road building will eventually come in this country although the progress in that direction at present may seem rather slow. Other countries have so recognized the importance of improved highways and we believe it is only a matter of a little time when the United States will by federal appropriation. Even the little country of Cuba has authorized the expenditure of \$5,000,000 in the general improvement of its public highways.

BURNT CLAY ROADS.

Way in Which Some Sections Are Getting Good Roads at Small Expense.

Clay becomes more or less hard and impervious to water when subjected to heat. Clay has been so far considered one of the worst road-building materials, combining with the gentle rain to form a sticky mire destructive of locomotion by man or beast. The clay, however, may contain within itself the very elements of the salvation of those regions in which it predominates, as witness this from the Southwest Magazine:

"A method has been discovered for converting gumbo roads, long a dread to those who have had to travel in rural districts, into clay-balled highways. The process which has been conducted in the Yazoo Valley of Mississippi has been not only simple, but satisfactory and not costly. "After grading the road to an even width between ditches, it is plowed up as deeply as practicable. After the plowing has been completed, furrows are dug across the road from ditch to ditch, extending through and beyond the width to be burned. Across the ridges formed between these furrows—which should be about four feet apart—the first course of cordwood is laid longitudinally so as to form a series of flues in which the firing is started. From 15 to 20 of these flues are fired at one time.

"The best and soundest cordwood is selected for this course and should be laid so that the pieces will touch, thus forming a floor. Another layer of wood is thrown irregularly across the floors, in crib formation, with space left between, in which the lumps of clay are piled in close enough to allow a draft for easy combustion. After the clay has been heaped upon the floor, another course of wood is laid parallel to the first.

"The third layer is placed in exactly the same manner as the first, and each opening and crack is filled with brush, chips, bark, small sticks or any other combustible material. A top layer of clay is placed over all and the finer portions of the material are heaped over the whole structure; the latter being taken from the side ditches. Finally the whole is tamped and rounded off so that the heat will be held within the flues as long as possible. When coal is available, the two top layers of wood may be omitted and the coal slack thoroughly mixed with the clay.

"It is necessary to get the fires well under way in the flues before the first layer of wood is burned through. The first action of the fire is to drive out the water contained in the clay before the actual burning and clinkering can begin. The firing should be begun on the windward side, and the best results are obtained by firing all the flues of a section simultaneously and maintaining the combustion as even as possible. In case the combustion is too rapid in any flue, it may be regulated by banking the mouth of the flue with clay.

"After the firing is completed, not only the portion of clay which forms the top of the kiln, but the ridges between the flues should be burned thoroughly, so as to form a covering of burnt clay 10 to 12 inches in depth, which, when rolled down and compacted, forms a road surface of from six to eight inches in thickness.

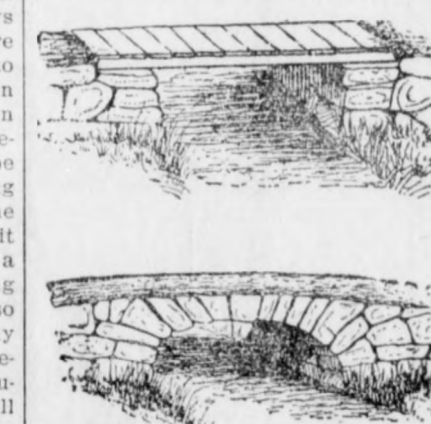
"If properly burned, the material should be entirely changed in character, and when it is wet it should have no tendency to form mud. When the material is sufficiently cooled, the roadbed should be brought to a high crown before rolling. This can best be done with a road grader. The finished crown should have a slope of at least one-half inch to the foot.

"A burnt clay road will last indefinitely, and it has the double advantage of being dry in wet weather and free from dust in dry weather. There is splendid opportunity for road improvements of this character in the southwest."

A GOOD ROAD IMPROVEMENT.

Transforming the Ugly Bridge Into a Safer and Better Condition.

Showing what may be done with hundreds of unsightly crossings on



The Ugly Bridge Transformed.

highways and private drives, says Farm and Home. Material: Rough stone, a little labor and gumption. Result: A thing of beauty, a joy forever.

Milk of a Good Cow.

There is nothing ahead of the milk of human kindness so necessary to the comfort of any family as the milk of a good cow. It is like oil poured upon the wheels of life; it is a perfect food for the baby; it is an excellent beverage for the children; it furnishes cream for the coffee, butter for the bread, and cheese for the lunch. It shortens the pie crust and raises the Johnny cake. Even the cat and dog cry for it. It feeds the pig, it pleases the colt, and it delights the children. Yes, and if he will only give her a fair chance, the cow will clothe the children, buy comforts for the wife, pay the taxes and help lift the mortgage.

Fighting the Fruit Worm.

Spraying cranberries with paris green or any other arsenical insecticide is a good preventive for the fruit worm, if applied early in July, says Orange Judd Farmer. Once the fruit worm has gained a foothold, it is difficult to combat by spraying. For vine worms, spraying is an excellent remedy. Injury can be checked by spraying a small strip in advance of their line of march.



UNITED STATES SUBMARINE BOAT PORPOISE ALONGSIDE A TORPEDO BOAT.

The department has now ruled that which was good enough for the other war-like powers, ought to be of value at home, hence the important movement toward assembling the world's most powerful fleet of these mysterious protectors for the United States.

Many congressmen fought against authorizing two new twenty-thousand ton battleships, each superior to the British "Dreadnaught," but not a word of protest greeted the plan to put Uncle Sam in the forefront of the submarine owning navies. This is a straw which shows how legislators have been educated to the value of the submarine.

As a lover of peace, the United States has ever been opposed to any naval and military plan that involved a large outlay of public money with the idea of provoking conflict with any nation. But that policy which meant only protection was ever heartily supported and will continue to be.

Atlantic and Pacific coasts, as well as those on the Gulf of Mexico and at the mouth of the Mississippi.

In providing for the purchase of the submarine, the lawmakers specified that they must be equal to the best class of that kind of boat now in the United States navy, which is another way of prescribing that the new under-water warriors will be not less than 64 feet in length and 12 feet in width, displacing, when submerged, about 125 tons of water.

There are many problems to be grappled with, not the least of which is the difficulty of devising a method of under-water navigation, which shall enable the captain of the craft, when submerged, to know to a certainty what is happening on the surface.

True, he always has the power to come to the top and find out, but by doing this he locates himself to the fire of the enemy, a danger made greater in view of the increasing pow-

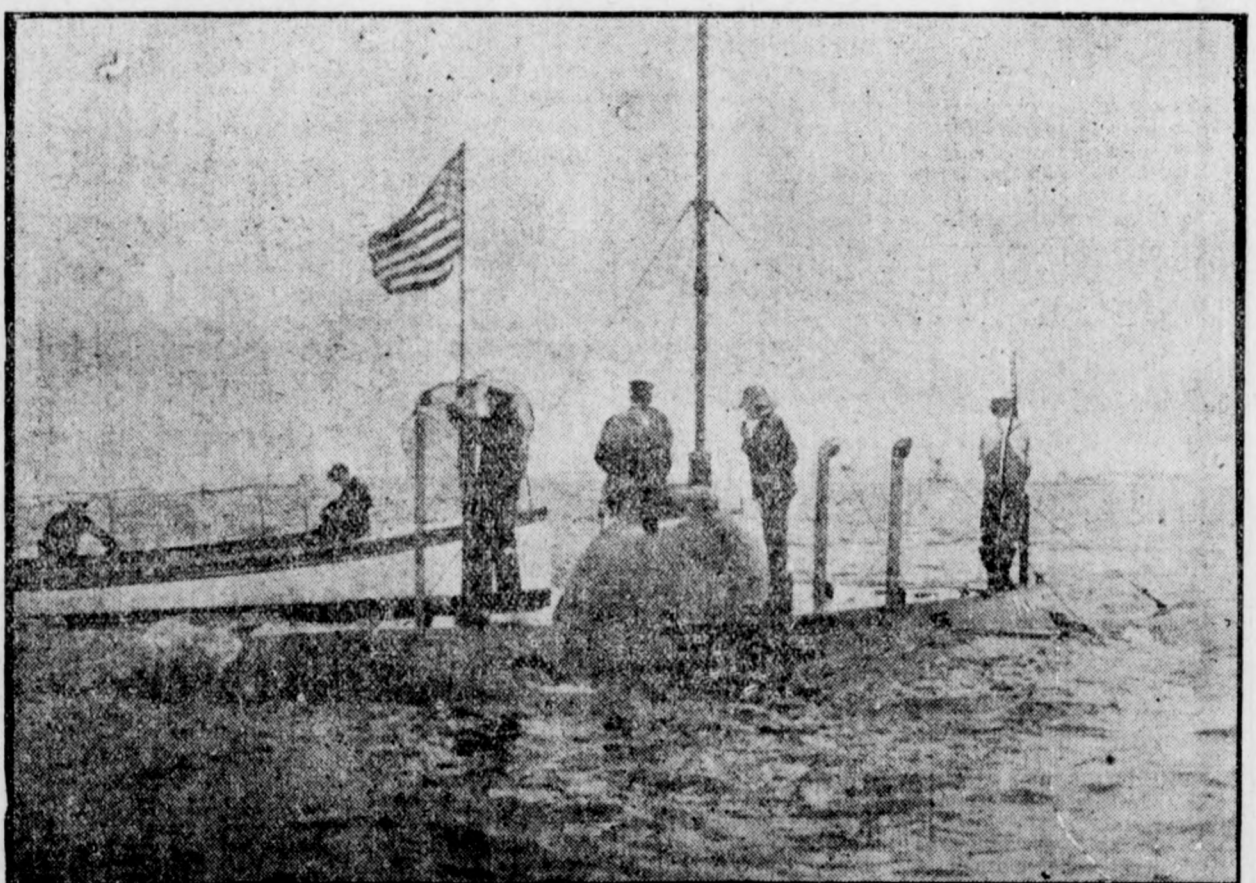
er of the torpedo of the little boat as the giant of the Bible was before the stone from the sling of the Jew.

Perhaps the prime advantage of the torpedo boat is that she needs only great offensive power. A battleship must combine both. She must be able to deal death blows, and to resist the shells of the enemy.

But the submarine is ever immune from danger of being hit, or nearly so. When under water the sea compasses her around as a perfect shield. The shell that hits within five feet bounds and skips from the water, harmlessly as the stone a boy sends skimming over a millpond.

The periscope is placed in a tiny column, which can only be seen from a short distance, and then is a target so small as to be very hard to hit.

One noted expert has said that a small fleet of torpedo boats could have thwarted Farragut's achievements at New Orleans and Mobile bay.



THE PLUNGER, ONE OF UNCLE SAM'S NEWEST SUBMARINES, ABOUT TO TAKE A DIVE.

BOILING IS OF NO AVAIL

Water Must Be Heated Under Pressure to Be Thoroughly Sterilized.

The man who wishes to be well and to keep well is in hard straits these days. The jangles between science and medicine put him, if both parties will consent to see no special application in the phrase, between the devil and the deep sea.

If there were some fixed standard; if, when science laid down its dictum, it were always sure to be the true word and the last word; if medicine could prove as well as affirm it would be all right. The ordinary man would then simply follow directions. But then, in the name of common sense, he is to do when the doctors disagree and the scientists are at loggerheads? What was our meat yesterday is our poison to-day and heaven only knows what it will be to-morrow. Things insubstantial become sanitary when a doctor dips his pen in ink or

a scientist taps the keys of his typewriter. Food values come and go from our favorite dishes, the medicine that had marvelous curative properties a few short months ago loses them in a jiffy at the pronouncement of some great man. Everything is unstable, everything is shifting, everything is misgiving and, in a measure, disheartening.

Here, for example, is the case of water versus the public health. Judge Medicine, sitting on the bench in solitary state, handed down the decision that it was not enough to filter water of the impurities it held more or less in solution; it must be boiled to destroy to noxious germs. Whereupon we all set about carrying out his mandate and a precious lot of trouble it has made, as every housewife will testify. Still, it was for our health,

and so the work went cheerfully on.

Now comes a writer in Cosmos of Paris, an authority in science, who makes the startling assertion that boiling water does not completely sterilize it, as we have been fondly imagining. It simply makes it unpleasant to the taste, while many troubles of the stomach and intestines follow its use.

We must heat the water under pressure, it seems, instead of boiling it. Then the germs will be killed and the water will be palatable. While the heat that makes the water boil will kill the majority of the germs, certain spores require a much higher temperature for their destruction. So numerous machines have been devised which subject the water to pressure at a temperature which must range between 266 and 302. Then it is to be absolutely healthful and as pleasant to the taste as at first.

Ella—I wonder what that Boston girl meant by saying that she could perceive my conclusion?

Stella—That she could see your finish.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Dr. Joe Gillespie was in Ladoga yesterday.

Miss Bess Town is visiting in Indianapolis.

Miss Vernie Stoner entertained F. F. F. last night.

Richard Shirley returned from Martinsville yesterday.

Edythe Hadden and Garnet Kinsey are guests of Imogene McLean.

Miss Imogene McLean has issued invitations for the evening of the 21st.

Miss Alice Murphy, who has been away from Vermillion's on account of illness, is much better.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Callahan and son, Albert, went to Coatesville today to remain until Thursday.

Dr. Town is in attendance at a district meeting of the Northwest Indiana Conference at Clinton.

Mrs. Chas. Barnaby and children leave tomorrow for Lake Maxinkuckee where they will spend the summer.

Miss Helen Jones and Miss Lucile Allen will entertain at dinner Friday evening in honor of Miss Elizabeth Town.

Forest Hughes of Cloverdale has accepted a position with the Indianapolis Street Railway Co. and begins work there at once.

Bert Callahan and son, Harry, of Indianapolis and W. R. Callahan and family spent Sunday with their father, J. H. Callahan, at Bainbridge.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. McNeff and Miss Mamie Baldwin are visiting John W. Rooker in North Putnam. Mrs. McNeff is a sister of Mr. Rooker.

Do not fail to attend the concert given at the Christian church by the Premier Lyceum Co. Wednesday evening, June 26, for the benefit of the Hospital fund.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Donner returned yesterday from Chicago where they have been spending a few days. Master Wilbur Donner remained there and will return soon in company with his grandmother, Mrs. Starr.

Ed. Kohl and wife have returned from a visit in Crawfordsville.

Mrs. Washburn has bought the east of J. P. Allen Jr. on Walnut street.

L. C. Wilson, trustee of Floyd township, was here today transacting business for the township.

Miss Pauline Felleman of Indianapolis is here the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. Sudraski and family.

Mrs. Bascom O'Hair goes to Bloomington this afternoon to be a guest at a house party given by Mrs. Rober.

Elizabeth Grantham has gone to Hamilton, Ohio, to look after business affairs there. Mrs. Grantham is visiting in Indianapolis.

The Woman's Home Missionary Society of Colgate Ave. church will meet on Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the home of Miss Elizabeth Ames.

Charles E. Cooper was here from Greencastle today. John F. Maloney came up from Greencastle at noon where he had visited over Sunday—Crawfordsville Review.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Curtis have returned from a visit with relatives in the northern part of the state. They will make their temporary home with J. G. McCoy. Mr. Curtis probably will purchase property this fall.

Dr. and Mrs. Ostrom and Henry Ostrom left today for New York City. From there Dr. Ostrom and son will sail for Europe beginning the trip postponed last week because of the serious illness of Mrs. Chapman of Winona Lake. Mrs. Ostrom will spend part of the summer at Ocean Grove.

The Rev. A. W. Sonne, formerly pastor of the Presbyterian church here, but now of Vincennes, stopped off here last evening on his way to Kokomo where he will attend the State Sunday School Convention. Vincennes is a candidate for the next year's convention and Mr. Sonne is one of a committee who will boom the town for the next meeting place. Alfred Hirt accompanied Mr. Sonne to Kokomo from here. They left this morning.

Make a Noise Like Summertime

Come in and select a hammock from our new assortment. We have them in large variety of color and price to suit the purchaser. Come to-day and get first choice.

DAVID E. BADGER
FRANK E. GREEN

West Side Drug Store

Dr. Hoagland is at Clinton today.

Miss Minni, For is quite ill at her home at Oakalla.

Miss Bertha Bacon has returned for summer school.

R. L. O'Hair was in Indianapolis today to attend to business.

Miss Jessie Case of Indianapolis is visiting Miss Julia Druley.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Woodson left this morning for the East.

Miss Louise Kiefer has gone to Indianapolis for an extended visit.

Voorhees in "A Ghost in the Theatre." Evans Bros. Hall, Tonight.

Miss Sarah Nichols of Indianapolis is here visiting her sister, Mrs. Cornelia Tennant.

Dr. DeMotte and Mrs. Thos. Bayne are in Clinton to attend the Greencastle district M. E. conference.

Mrs. Cornelia Tennant is home from Terre Haute where she spent the winter with her son, R. S. Tennant.

W. D. Goodwin of Tuscola, Ill., is here for a visit with his son, Boyd, who is employed at the Hirt Shoe Store.

Charles Mecum has moved here from Frankfort and has accepted a position with E. B. Lynch as undertaker and embalmer.

Miss Esther B. Ludwig left yesterday for her home in South Bend. She will teach Latin in the South Bend school next year.

Mrs. Roscoe, who has rooms at the home of Henry Renick, leaves today for Pittsburgh to visit her mother who is soon to sail for Europe.

The Vandette, the Rising & Moore Moving Picture Show has closed down for the present. It is probable that the owners of the show will move it to another town.

The moving picture show at the Opera House was opened last night before a large audience. The show was successful in every way. Splendid pictures were shown.

Alfred Hayden did not plead guilty to the charge of associating with a woman of bad character as was stated in yesterday's Herald. The charge he pleaded guilty to and was fined for was of carrying gambling device.

William Dias and Mick McLaughlin, the Columbus, Ohio, boys arrested here last week and held for investigation have been released. A telegram to the Columbus chief of police brought no response and the authorities here decided to let the boys go on a promise that they would leave town immediately.

Oscar Thomas received this morning the samples of the Reading Circle books for the next year. These books are for the joy and edification of the teachers in the public schools. For next year there will be "American History and Geographic Conditions," and "Elementary Education." The first is general in its scope, the second special and technical.

Owen Black is minus his laundry. Monday three shirts were hung out to dry, waving in the summer air. At evening they bid a fond farewell to the setting sun. At night they bid a fond farewell to the line and to Owen. Today he mourns. He likewise thinks of vengeance. There will be trouble if the one who induced those shirts to depart should be found.

FRANKLIN CENTER.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Stoner spent Sunday at Mr. Wright's.

Laura Britton is spending this week with her grandmother, Mrs. Sarah Gardner, of Roachdale.

Dan Hendricks and wife visited at Roy Robin's Sunday.

James Walker of Greencastle spent Saturday night and Sunday with his cousin, Cecil Stoner.

Several from around here attended the ice cream supper at Pincastle Saturday night.

J. G. Britton and family and Leo Smith and family ate Sunday dinner at Wren Collins's.

Guy Britton visited his cousin, Virgil Terry, Saturday night and attended the ice cream supper at Pincastle.

Tom Sanders and family spent Sunday at George Swain's.

The First State.

A colored man entered an office in Washington and asked for a job. "Where do you come from?" the man was asked. "I'm from the first state in the Union, boss; that's where I'm from," the negro said haughtily. "Oh, you're from New York, are you?" "No, sah, I'm not; I'm from Alabama, sah." "But Alabama is not the first state in the Union." "Alphabetically speaking, it is, boss; alphabetically speaking, it is."—Kansas City Star.

When you go away or have visitors call 65 and let people know it.

REELSVILLE.

It looks now as if spring had come. The farmers are busy plowing corn. Wm. Aker is taking electric treatment at Brazil and thinks he is proving beneficial.

Bond & Herbert bought 80 hogs from Dug Huffman that cost them \$1,000.

Anna Aker's hens hatched 94 chickens from 95 eggs. Who can beat that for one setting.

Cory Hollings took his little son to Greencastle last Sunday to let several doctors examine him, but none knew what was the matter with him.

The Vandalla rail road has put in an electric switch.

The Musical Entertainment at the M. E. church Friday night was a success.

Brother Anderson filed his appointment Sunday.

Omer Nelson of the rural route has bought Dan Reel's house and lot.

Dr. Alonzo Elliott of Poland died Saturday. The deceased was well remembered having been born and raised in Washington township.

Mrs. Clark, who has been sick, is reported as being better.

Omer Nelson and wife attended a birthday dinner at Clinton Falls Sunday.

The question now is who will teach the Platform School.

Bruce Osborn is buying junk. William Harmon and wife and baby of Fontaine are visiting the latter's parents, Wm. and Mattie Aker.

Lawrence Athey had an encounter with an automobile last Monday. His horse ran away, tore his buggy to pieces, but did no other damage.

Miss Elizabeth Coombs of California is visiting her parents and other relatives after an absence of 6 years.

There is a fair prospect for a full crop of blackberries. What applies there are will be very inferior.

A Real Wonderland

South Dakota, with its rich silver mines, bonanza farms, wide ranges and strange natural formations, is a veritable wonderland. At Mound City, in the home of Mrs. E. D. Clapp a wonderful case of healing has lately occurred. Her son seemed near death with lung and throat trouble.

"Exhausting coughing spells occurred every five minutes," writes Mrs. Clapp, "when I began giving Dr. King's New Discovery, the great medicine, that saved his life and completely cured him." Guaranteed for coughs, and colds, throat and lung troubles, by Dr. O. W. Drugg Store. 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. June

SOUTH WASHINGTON.

Died at 6 o'clock on the morning of June 15, at Poland, Dr. T. A. Elliott, aged about 60 years. He leaves a wife, 4 sons and 1 daughter, besides an aged mother, 5 brothers and 2 sisters, together with a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn for him. He was a good husband, a true and loving father and a true friend to all. He had been a constant sufferer for quite awhile and bore his suffering with patience. He had many friends who are sorry to know of his death. The family have the heart felt sympathy of their many friends in this, their hour of grief. His trials are over, his work is done, and he is fully blest. He has fought the fight, the victory won and entered into rest.

Born, to John Mace and wife, June 16, an 11 pound son.

Charlie Evans is again on the sick list.

Mrs. Ross Huffman was called to Manhattan last week by the sickness of her mother.

The Misses Nellie and Effie Neese visited at Frank Cagle's Sunday.

Ralph Vaughn and wife visited at Walter Senter's Sunday.

Visitors at Monroe Senter's Sunday were Lewis Felows and family, George Sublett and family and Mr. and Mrs. Duell, all of Manhattan.

Found—Ladies pocket book between Hanna and Anderson streets on Bloomington. Owner can have same by calling at Herald office and paying for this ad. 15c

Visiting Cards—Finest Engraving. 100 cards, script style, and new plate, \$1.50; 100 cards, from your own plate, \$1.00. Star and Democrat Office. d-w

BACK TO BOSTON

OLD HOME WEEK
July 27 to August 3, 1907

One Fare Plus \$2.00
From all points on the

BIG FOUR

Tickets on sale July 25 to 28 inclusive, good returning until August 5 with privilege of Extension to Aug. 31, '07

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO GO TO THE SEASHORE AT THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON

Get Rates, Tickets and particulars from any Agent of the

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Our Meat Market has a well established and enviable reputation for cleanliness, the good quality of its meats and for square dealing.

Northwest Corner Public Square

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots and Shoes, Groceries

Hard and Soft Coal

RILEY & CO.

Phone 51, 715 S. Main

SLEEPY CORNER.

Clear Creek turned out fine Sunday evening at Sunday School. 71 scholars present and 10 visitors.

Frank Brown of Coatesville called on Miss Grace McVey Saturday night and Sunday.

M. M. Miller, wife and daughter, Dora, called on Lee Chatham Sunday.

Buddie Greenlee and family spent Sunday evening at F. M. Chatham. Grace McVey and sister, Marie, called on Cora Brown of Coatesville last week.

Bennie Smith and wife spent Saturday night with Jess Evans and wife.

Ad Huber and wife spent Sunday with his Bill Aker.

A large crowd went to see the steam shovel Saturday night.

Mrs. Rosa Evans and sister called at Fillmore Saturday to see their aunt, Mary Cowgill, who is very poorly.

Mr. Dunlay and family called on E. L. Kersey Sunday.

Claud Evans and family spent Sunday with John Lydiek.

Mrs. John Lydiek called to see Ethel Green of Reno Sunday.

Erma Ader of Plainfield called on Ella Kersey Sunday.

James Ader and daughter made a call at Bainbridge last week.

Mrs. Effie McVey and Mrs. Lena Greenlee made a business trip at Greencastle last week.

Earl Brown of near Groveland called on home folks Sunday.

Rev. Densmore of Boone county visited at Rev. Griggs' Sunday.

Elva Nelson is better at this writing.

Sunday School Convention will be held at Clear Creek church Sunday, June 23. Come every one with well filled baskets and enjoy yourself.

Halile Burkett spent Sunday with Haze Chandler.

OAKALLA.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cook visited at Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Johnston Sunday.

Miss Pearl Phelps is staying with Mr. and Mrs. John Bence.

Alex Ford and wife of Bainbridge visited at Mr. Ellis and family Saturday and Sunday.

Anna Johnston visited J. A. Bence and wife Saturday and Sunday.

James Johnston visited here Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Johnston went to Indianapolis Sunday to visit relatives.

Wesley Stoner of Farmersburg is visiting relatives here.

Hazel Johnston stayed all night with Mrs. Anna Bence Thursday.

Mrs. Will Houck and Ethel and Mrs. Curtis and daughter visited Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Bence Friday.

Miss Edna Curtis of Putnamville visited relatives and friends here last week.

Mrs. S. T. Johnston called on Mr. and Mrs. Otto Ellis Saturday.

Mrs. Bessie Torr and daughter, Irene, went home Saturday.

Misses Maud and May Torr went to Indianapolis Friday.

The interurban is doing fine to have so much better weather.

Mrs. Anna Bence called on Mrs. Eliza Johnston Saturday.

Mrs. Clara Torr visited Mrs. Chas. Allen Friday.

Miss Duella Torr spent Sunday with Miss Ruth Wick.

Here's Good Advice.

O. S. Woolver, one of the best known merchants of LeRayville, N. Y., says: "If you are ever troubled with piles, apply Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It cured me of them for good 20 years ago." Cures every sore, wound, burn or abrasion. 25 cents at the Owl Drug Store. jn

MARION TOWNSHIP.

James Boardman celebrated his 65th birthday Sunday with a bountiful dinner. Over one hundred being present. Must be furnished by McRidlan band. After dinner all had their pictures taken by Nichols & Ruark, the artists.

Preaching at Christian church at Fillmore Saturday night, Sunday and Sunday night by Rev. Scofield.

Miss Cora Flynn who has been under treatment for tumor at Eastman's Sanitarium at Indianapolis, has returned home and is doing nicely.

Miss Dela Nichols, Miss Stella Webster, Miss Lucy Garrett, the three High School graduates from Marion had their pictures taken in a group yesterday.

Wheat has improved very much in the past week and the prospect is for a fair crop.

Corn is a fair stand; most of it being plowed once, some twice, some none, but plenty time yet for a fine corn crop.

Meadows looking well and oats fair.

Some farmers commenced cutting clover today.

Summer has come at last.

Claud Elrod and family spent Sunday with Gilbert Dorsett's.

Gilbert Masten and family spent Sunday with Jack Gorham and family near Fillmore.

Gig Buis and family and Miss Myrtle Prater spent Sunday with Charley Buis and family.

John Masten and family spent Sunday with Ethridge Buis and family.

Mrs. Fred Todd and sons spent Saturday with her mother.

Miss Laura Quinlin is visiting her aunt, Suet Sechman.

Jess Sechman and wife spent Sunday afternoon with his father.

Ethridge Buis had some sheep killed last week by dogs.

A Dangerous Deadlock.

That sometimes terminates fatally, is the stoppage of liver and bowel functions. To quickly end this condition without disagreeable sensations, Dr. King's New Life Pills should always be your ready, guaranteed absolutely satisfactory in every case or money back, at the Owl Drug Store. 25 cents. jn

FAIRVIEW.

Cherries are ripe says the little birds.

Dave Boswell and wife visited Chas. Kepner Sunday.

Austin Hoop and wife visited at Greencastle Sunday.

Mrs. Perry Wright has returned home from Bridgeport.

Will Brown and family and John Reynolds and family and Harry and Earl Toney visited Chas. Toney and family Sunday.

Perry Wright went to Greencastle Monday.

Girl wanted to do general work at the Sims Hotel. Good wages. Apply at once. 2167

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PHONE 65

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Editors.

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THE POWER OF THE STATE.

The power of a state to protect its citizens from the extortion of trusts and corporations depends upon the citizens themselves. If they tolerate laxness in their officials then they must expect to be robbed. This is illustrated by the action of Texas in the Standard Oil case. A jury has found the company guilty and sentenced it to pay a fine of over a million dollars and ordered it to cease to transact business in the state. From all over the country, however, comes the cry that this means nothing. It is the universal expectation that a higher court will reverse the finding of the jury and stay the fine. It is a sad condition of affairs when the people have so little faith in courts. It is not a matter of guilt. All know the Standard Oil is guilty. It is a matter of technicalities, and the people of Texas and all the states should demand that technicalities be banished, that they cease to be bulwarks of guilt and crime, hiding places for corporate corruption. What we need is the punishment of those who are proved guilty, be they corporations or individuals. There have been too many "immunity baths," too much of wrangling over points that have nothing to do with guilt or innocence. It is time the people, who are the basis of all laws, demand a revision making toward simplicity, making toward a law that will punish guilt be it rich or poor, and protect innocence, be it rich or poor.

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